

Holmes County Republican.

J. Caskey, Editor and Proprietor.

Office—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

Terms—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

VOL. 3.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1859.

NO. 24.

Poetry.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Three Fishers went sailing out into the West
Out into the West, as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman that loved him best
And the children stood watching them out of
The town;
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Through the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went
Down;
They look'd at the squal, and they look'd at the show'r,
And the night-rain came rolling up rugged
And brown;
But men must work and women must weep,
The storm be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down;
And the women were watching and ringing their
Hands
For those who will never come back to the
town.
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Three merchants went riding out into the West,
On the top of the bus, as the sun went down;
Each thought of his wife, and how richly she
Drest,
And the growing circumference of her new
Gown;
For wives must dress and husbands must pay,
And there's plenty to get and little to say,
While the miller's mill is running.

Three wives sat up in Jane Clarke's for hours,
And they told her in purest article down;
They ordered the silks and they ordered the
Flowers,
And the bill it kept rolling up, gown upon
Gown;
For wives must dress and husbands must pay,
Though perhaps they will be in a terrible way
When they are dunned for the bill that is
running.

Three bankrupts were figuring in the grocery,
On a Tuesday night when the sun went down,
And the women were weeping and quite in a
Pet,
For the dresses they will never show to the
town;
For wives will dress though husbands can't pay,
And bankruptcy's surely the pleasant way
To get rid of the bill and the dunning.

Miscellaneous.

THE BROKEN HEARTED. —OR— CRIME ITS OWN AVENGER.

A NEW LEAF FROM A WELL-KNOWN HISTORY.

We recently published a letter in which
Harlow Case, the defaulting Collector
of Sandusky, Ohio, announced the de-
cease of the unhappy woman who had ac-
companied his flight, and implored the for-
giveness of her husband. Under the title
we have given above, a missionary corre-
spondent of the Boston Watchman and
Reflector describes an interview with the
guilty pair, which took place shortly be-
fore death hurried away the mother and
the child whom she had made the com-
panion of her wanderings. The subject is
a painful one, but the writer describes so
feelingly and truthfully the self-inflicted
misery of Case and his partner in guilt,
that we reproduce his narrative:

"What though the guilty breathe
Blow with the guilty tale,
Though every prospect please,
And only men to vile."

"Curiously enough, I was just repeating
this stanza, when my new acquaintance
called for me. I had met him while on a
business visit to Ceylon, an acquaintance
of mine; and was pleased with the opportu-
nity that afforded me a more intimate per-
sonal knowledge.

"I thought myself fortunate in falling in
with so agreeable a gentleman, and consid-
ered his face and manners peculiarly re-
fin'd. On our second meeting I noticed a
singular restlessness of the handsome dark
eyes, and an irritable bitterness of the lips,
and a disposition to be constantly on the
move, shown in the tapping of a light bam-
boo cane, or the motion of foot or hand.

"These things, however, did not strike me
as singular at the time, but coupled with
what I afterwards learned, were certain evi-
dences that the man felt already the gnaw-
ings of the worm that never dies.

"One afternoon I was sitting in the little
parlor where I was sojourning, and rode a
short distance into the interior of the go-
rgeous island. Most glorious were the sur-
roundings on every hand. With a predom-
inantly quite unadorned of by the inhabi-
tants of a colder climate, nature had showered
her most exquisite floral gifts everywhere.

"Three loaded with sweet-smelling flowers,
their intense colors vying with the foliage
of richer green, from out of which they
emerged; tall cactus plants with crimson,
goblet-shaped blossoms; lilies, gorgeous in
the greenly unfolding of form and color—
everything rich, lavish and wonderful
met our eyes, faded to fulness with this
tropical luxuriance.

"This is my house," said my new friend,
pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surround-
ed by a wide veranda, from whose cing-
ling vines sweet odors were wafted upon the
soft atmosphere—but from the moment the
words were uttered his geniality departed.
Within the cottage enclosure were walks,
borders and fountains. Chase's stony was
dispensed over the grounds with most
charming effect. The house in the midst
of a fairy structure, rising in the midst
of flowers and foliage. And the man who
sat beside me whose smile mounted no
higher than his lips—the dreamy, far-look-
ing discontent in his eye growing every mo-
ment more perceptible—was the owner of
the Eden-like home.

We were met on the threshold by a

lovely child of eleven summers. Her hair
hung in curls. Her eyes particularly lus-
trous, her mouth in beauty, and on the
young brow I seemed to see a something
—a shadow of sadness—an unchildlike
quite, as she greeted my new friend.

Dressed in pure white, she glided in be-
fore us, and to her was left the duty of en-
taining me; while Mr. C., excusing him-
self in the remark that sickness necessar-
ily called him away, for a half hour or so,
left the room.

"Is your mother very unwell? I asked
of the little girl who, with those shadow-
filled eyes of hers, was regarding me gen-
tly, but attentively.

"Yes, sir, mamma has been sick a long
time," replied she dropping her eyes, while
her lips trembled.

"Did you come from America?" asked
she timidly, after a long silence.

"Yes, my dear. Do you know anything
of that country?" I returned, growing
more and more pleased with her expres-
sive face.

"Only that mamma came from there,
and I think," she added, hesitatingly, "that
I did. But Mr. C. will never let me talk
about it."

"Are you then not the little daughter of
Mr. C.?" I asked, somewhat astonished.

"I am my mother's daughter," answered
the child, with a grave dignity in one so
young—and in a minute after she arose
and quietly left the room.

I sat watching her white robes flitting
through the long shady walk opposite my
window, and knew that the child brooded
over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were
filled with tears.

Why is it, I questioned myself, that
painful thoughts took possession of me as I
sat there? It seemed as if I was sojour-
ning in an enchanted spot, and that some
horror was suddenly to break upon me.

At my side, nearly covering a beautiful
table of letter wood, were several costly
gift books. I took them up carefully, for
I have a reverence for books—and turning
to the fly-leaf of a splendidly bound copy
of Shakespeare, read—

"To Mary Francis F., from her de-
voted husband, Henry E. F."

A thrill of surprise and anguish ran
from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed
paralyzed. The truth had burst upon me
with such madness that the blood rushed
with a shock to my heart.

I knew Henry E. F., had known him
intimately for years. He was a friend,
towards whom all my sympathies had been
drawn, for he had seen such sorrow as
makes the heart grow old before its time.

His wife, whom he loved, had deserted
him. She had taken with her his only
child. She had desolated a household;
and forgetting honor, shame, everything
that pertains to virtue and to God, had
fled from the country with the man whose
arts had won her wonted love.

How could I remain under this roof that
now seemed accursed? How must the de-
stroyer of virtue—the fiend who had re-
vealed in such a conquest!

I could only think of the evil they had
done—not what they might suffer from the
torments of remorse. It was some time
before the seducer came into the room
where I still sat with the child, deter-
mined to meet him once more before I left
the house.

Oh how guilty! how heart-stricken his
appearance! Remorse sat on his forehead
—looked out from his eyes—spoke when
he was silent.

"Will you come to dinner?" he asked.
I hesitated. Should I partake of his
hospitality—the hospitality of one of those
fiends in human shape whose steps take
hold on hell? I knew his guilt—why de-
lay to declare it? Why not at once, in
burning words, upbraid him for his vil-
lainy, and flee as from a pestilence his sin-
ner's house? The man noticed my hesi-
tation. He could not, of course, interpret
its cause. As he repeated his request, the
look of distress upon his face excited a
feeling of pity, which, for the moment,
slightly disarmed my resentment, and un-
der the influence of this feeling, almost un-
consciously I passed into the dining-room.

"I am sorry little Nelly's mamma," I
was glad he did not use the sacred name of
wife "is not able to sit down with us," he
said, "it is many months since we have had
her presence at our meals. She is suffer-
ing from the effects of a slow fever, in-
duced by the climate," he added, gravely,
as he motioned me a seat before him.

The table glittered with silver-plate—
Obedient servants brought, on the most
costly servers, delicacies such as I had never
seen before.

But, the skeleton sat at the feast!
I could not talk, save in monosyllables.
My host ate hastily—almost carelessly—
waiting upon me with many abrupt starts
and apologies.

Wine came. He drank freely. Soon
he sent the little girl and the servants from
the room, and seemed striving to nerve
himself to conversation.

"You are from _____ city, I believe,"

ing and crossing the floor, with long, hasty
strides. Then burying his face in his
hands, he exclaimed, "Too late—too late
—I have repented." There was a long
pause, and he continued more calmly, "No
human means can now restore my poor
companion. Her moral sensibilities be-
come more and more acute as she fails in
strength, so that she reproaches herself
constantly."

A weary mournful sigh broke from his
lips as if his heart would break.

"O! if he knew," he exclaimed again,
"if he knew how bitter a penalty she is
paying for the outrage she has committed
upon him—he would pity her—and it it
could be, forgive."

"Will you see her, sir?"
I shrank from the very thought.

"She has asked for you, sir; do you deny
her request. Hearing that you came from
America, she entreated me to bring you to
her. I promised that I would."

"I will go, then."
"Up the cool, wide, matted stairs, he
led me into a chamber oriental in its beau-
tiful furnishing, and its chaste magnificence.

There half-recumbent in a wide, easy chair
—a costly shawl of lace thrown over her
attenuated shoulders; the rich dressing-
gown, clinging, and hollowed to the rav-
ages sickness had made—sat one whose
great beauty, and once gentle gift, had
made the light and loveliness of a sacred
home.

But now! O pity! pity!
The eyes only retained their lustre; they
were wholly sunken. The blazing fire
kindled at the veins, burned upon her sharp-
ened cheeks, burned more fiercely, more
holily as she looked upon my face. "I could
think no more of anger—I could only say
to myself—

"Oh! how sorry I am for you!"
She knew, probably, by her husband's
manner that I was aware of their circum-
stances.

Her first question was—
"Are you going back to America, sir?"
The hollow voice startled me. I seemed
to see an open sepulchre.

I told her it was not my intention to re-
turn at present.

"Oh! then will you take my little child
back to her father?" she cried, the tears
falling. "I am dying, and she must go
back to him! It is the only consolation I
can make—and little enough, Oh little
enough, for the bitter wrong I have done
them!"

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she
added a moment after checking her sobs;
"I hoped you might tell him that his image
is before me from morning till night, as I
knew he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him every body. Tell him I have
suffered through the long, long hours, these
many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she
added a moment after checking her sobs;
"I hoped you might tell him that his image
is before me from morning till night, as I
knew he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him every body. Tell him I have
suffered through the long, long hours, these
many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she
added a moment after checking her sobs;
"I hoped you might tell him that his image
is before me from morning till night, as I
knew he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him every body. Tell him I have
suffered through the long, long hours, these
many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she
added a moment after checking her sobs;
"I hoped you might tell him that his image
is before me from morning till night, as I
knew he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him every body. Tell him I have
suffered through the long, long hours, these
many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she
added a moment after checking her sobs;
"I hoped you might tell him that his image
is before me from morning till night, as I
knew he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him every body. Tell him I have
suffered through the long, long hours, these
many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she
added a moment after checking her sobs;
"I hoped you might tell him that his image
is before me from morning till night, as I
knew he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him every body. Tell him I have
suffered through the long, long hours, these
many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she
added a moment after checking her sobs;
"I hoped you might tell him that his image
is before me from morning till night, as I
knew he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him every body. Tell him I have
suffered through the long, long hours, these
many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she
added a moment after checking her sobs;
"I hoped you might tell him that his image
is before me from morning till night, as I
knew he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him every body. Tell him I have
suffered through the long, long hours, these
many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she
added a moment after checking her sobs;
"I hoped you might tell him that his image
is before me from morning till night, as I
knew he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him every body. Tell him I have
suffered through the long, long hours, these
many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she
added a moment after checking her sobs;
"I hoped you might tell him that his image
is before me from morning till night, as I
knew he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him every body. Tell him I have
suffered through the long, long hours, these
many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she
added a moment after checking her sobs;
"I hoped you might tell him that his image
is before me from morning till night, as I
knew he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him every body. Tell him I have
suffered through the long, long hours, these
many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she
added a moment after checking her sobs;
"I hoped you might tell him that his image
is before me from morning till night, as I
knew he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him every body. Tell him I have
suffered through the long, long hours, these
many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she

"Phoebe!" It was the boy's mother who
spoke now for the first time. In an under-
tone she added: "You are wrong, Richard
is suffering quite enough, and you are do-
ing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy
left the sofa, and went to the sitting room
door.

"It's father!" and he went gliding down
stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting,
as Gordon took the hand of his boy—
"But what's the matter, my son? you don't
look happy."

"Won't you come here?" and Richard
drew his father into the library. Mr.
Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's
hand.

"You are in trouble, my son. What
has happened?"
The eyes of Richard filled with tears as
he looked into his father's face. He tried
to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he
turned away, and opening the door of the
cabinet, brought out the fragments of a
broken statuette, which had been sent
home only the day before, and set them
on a table before his father, over whose
countenance came instantly a shadow of
regret.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked in
an even voice.

"Did it?"
"How?"
"I threw my ball in there, once—only
once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and
tremulous.

A little while Mr. Gordon sat, control-
ling himself and collecting his disturbed
thoughts. Then he said cheerfully:
"What is done, Richard, can't be helped.
Put the broken pieces away. You have
had trouble enough about it, I can see—
and reproof enough for your carelessness—
so I shall not add a word to increase your
pain."

"Oh, father!" And the boy threw his
arms about his father's neck. "You are
so kind—so good."

Five minutes later, and Richard entered
the sitting room with his father. Aunt
Phoebe looked up from two shadowed faces;
but she did not see them. She was puz-
zled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said
a little while after Mr. Gordon came in—
"It was such an exquisite work of art. It
is hopelessly ruined."

Richard was leaning against his father
when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only
smiled and drew his arms closely around
his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her
sister a look of warning, but it was un-
heeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty
boy."

"We have settled all that, Phoebe," was
the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon;
"and it is one of our rules to get into the
sunshine as quick as possible."

Phoebe was rebuked; while Richard
looked grateful, and it may be, a little tri-
umphant; for his aunt had borne down upon
him rather too hard for a boy's patience
to endure.

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible!
Is it not the better philosophy for our
homes? Is it not true Christian philoso-
phy? It is selfishness that grows angry
and repels, because a fault has been com-
mitted. Let us put the offender into sun-
shine as quickly as possible, so that true
thoughts and right feelings may grow vir-
ginal in its warmth. We retain anger not
that anger may act as a wholesome disci-
pline, but because we are unwilling to for-
give. Ah, if we were always right with
our children.

A White School-teacher Ar-
rested by Virtue of the Fugitive
Slave Law.

A correspondent of The Cleveland Her-
ald, writing from Oberlin, Ohio, under the
date of Jan. 17, giving the following ac-
count of a singular transaction that occur-
red there:

It appears that there resided in that
place William A. Lincoln, a young school-
teacher, whose character for Christian prin-
ciple and exalted piety ranks among the
highest in Oberlin. In the aggregate he
has labored two years with John F. Fee in
Kentucky, preaching Anti-Slavery. During
all that time he has not experienced a title
of the abuse from the slave-holders there
selves as he did in these few hours from
their tools here in the North—in our own
beautiful Ohio. Last winter he spent as
a colporteur and lay preacher of the Ameri-
can Missionary Association in Indiana,
and the same Association only wait his at-
taining to a ripe scholarship to send him
as a missionary to Africa.

In the meantime he was engaged to
teach in Dublin, Franklin County, about
twelve miles from Columbus, in the very
district where resided the bailiff who had
tried to assist Marshal Lowe in the carry-
ing away of the "boy John." This bailiff
Sam. Davin by name, soon got wind of Lin-
coln's contiguity, and commenced the utter-
ance of threats of personal violence. It
would only cost him \$5, he said, to give
the adjective Abolitionists a sound thrash-
ing. On being mildly remonstrated with
by Lincoln through the Post-Office, he was
more furious, obtaining leave from
Lowe to serve the warrant on Lincoln for
"rescuing John," and served it to the sat-
isfaction of the slave act.

Taking a stout assistant with him, he
rode up to the school-house, knocked, en-
tered, asked the teacher his name, and, on
being answered truly, seized his arm, and
began immediately to put manacles on the
wrists of a free man, guilty of no crime—
Lincoln remonstrated, saying that he in-
tended more resistance nor fight, but the
more he remonstrated the more Davis's
profanity increased. He would hardly ac-
cuse him time enough to put on his boots,
and not enough to make necessary changes
in his apparel. Of course, the scholars
were intensely excited when they saw their
beloved teacher fettered for obedience to
the Divine precepts he was daily inculca-
ting upon them. The little ones cried, the
older boys roared, and the girls assailed the
bailiff with merited epithets.

Thus chained, our friend was carried a

couple of miles in the buggy between the
two officers, his ears filled with the coarse
terms and profane language bitterly ut-
tered against him and all. Then, at his
suggestion, the assistant left, and Davis
rode alone with him. The Christian for-
bearance of our brother mollified him con-
siderably, but he nevertheless took him to
Columbus in that plight, and thrust him
in his chains, into the common cell of the
county jail belonging to the Free State of
Ohio, among criminals of every kind; into
a place reeking with profanity, sickening
from its stench, and overrunning with ver-
min. There, unshackled, he spent the
night, locked up with a man charged with
burglary. In the morning, Marshal Lowe
took him to Cleveland, not deeming it ne-
cessary to use the irons on the journey. In
Cleveland he received the same treatment
at the hands of Judge Wilson as the others
of the "37" had done. To Lowe's credit,
be it said, he loaned him enough to come
to Oberlin, where, of course, he found
friends. Lincoln was twenty-six hours in
the hands of these Government officers,
five of which were spent in fetters and in a
filthy jail, among the lowest criminals.

A mass meeting in regard to the outrage
had been held at Oberlin, at the College
Chapel, the Mayor of the city presiding.

VERY LATE FROM CALIFORNIA.

BY THE TEHUAUTPEC AND OVERLAND ROUTES.

Dreadful Suffering at Frazier River.

Our latest news from San Francisco, by
the overland mail, is of Dec. 27th:

The President's message reached San
Francisco on the 26th December. The
announcement of its approach occasioned
quite an excitement. It was immediately
issued from the office of the *Alta Californi-
a*, and copies were in great demand. So
much of its contents as referred to matters
affecting California, especially recommenda-
tions concerning the occupation of Chi-
huahua and Sonora, were read with in-
terest. No doubt it expressed that of the
disposable population of San Francisco
and California, hundreds and thousands in-
deed stand ready to carry those recommen-
dations into immediate and vigorous prac-
tical effect.

The mining prospects were thought to
be unusually encouraging; and the belief
was that the yield of gold would this year
be larger than in any former year. The
discovery of new and rich diggings was
frequent. New methods of extracting gold
from quartz secured a larger proportion
from the same quantity of rock; and the
number of mining operatives would proba-
bly be increased.

At the Soldier's Farewell Station four
Apache came in on the evening of the
8th, and wanted lodging for the night—
They represented that they were the only
survivors of a war party of thirty-two,
which had gone down into Sonora.

On the 8th, Agent Stock had held a
talk with the Apaches, at Apache Pass,
and distributed presents among them. He
was soon to have another meeting with
them and a neighboring band. The Indi-
ans that were seen appeared to be very
friendly to the Americans and all concern-
ed in the overland mail.

At Warner's Ranch snow was seen, and
at Tejon it lay on the road for a space of
some fifteen miles. In the Pan it was
about eight inches deep. So much snow
is not common, and occurs only in the se-
verest winters. At El Paso, thin ice was
running in the river, and the inhabitants
were laying in ice for next summer, a
thing, we are told, almost without prece-
dent, even in the ancient town. On the
trip the nights were very chill, and the
cold sometimes piercing; but during the
day the weather moderated so as to be
quite comfortable.

COL. FREMONT'S OPERATIONS.

The Mariposa Star says: "Business of
all kinds has received a new impetus
through the operations of Fremont & Co.
About two hundred men are employed in
cutting a road from the mine to Ridley's
ferry, where a water-power mill, with one
hundred stamps, is shortly to be erected.
The road will run by way of that pass
which bears the euphonious name of 'Hell
Hollow.' A large proportion of the hands
are boarding at the valley, which fills the
hollows (the St. Charles and El Oro) to
overflowing. We are glad to see our
neighbors prospering, and in view of the
evidences of business activity, are remind-
ed of an old proverb, which saith, 'It is
an ill wind that blows nobody good.'"

The Mercer Mining Company have
quite a number of hands employed at the
"Black Drift," and are taking out some very
good quartz. Their operations have not
been impeded to any great extent by re-
linquishing that portion of the vein known
as the Josephine."

On the other hand, the Mariposa Dem-
ocrat, of 21st, says:

"On Thursday last Fremont was seen to
pass through Quartzburg, and take his way
down the Stockton road, in a buggy, at a
rattling speed. This, of course, excited the
people in that place; and before any con-
clusion could be arrived at as to the proba-
ble cause, the under sheriff here in view,
also at full speed. On being questioned as
to the cause of his hurry, the officer replied
that he had no time to stop, as he was in
a haste to overtake Fremont. Whether he
effected the arrest we have not yet
learned. It is probable, however, that the
Colonel had too much the start of him.
The Colonel is hard to catch when he gets
a good start."

THEIR SUFFERING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Santa Cruz arrived at Victoria De-
cember 16th, from Langley and Semiah-
mo, with 520 passengers; part were taken
on board at Langley, and the remainder at
Semiahmo. Those from Semiahmo
crossed over from Langley whilst the river
was frozen. Frazier and Harrison rivers
are open. The Mariah was still ashore.
The steamer Enterprise was frozen up
about fifteen miles below the mouth of
Harrison river. She is now at Langley.
Her bottom was worn through by the ice.
A couple of new planks are to be put in,
when she will commence running again.

Great suffering has been experienced by
the miners coming down. A party of
about a hundred and twenty came down
the river in canoes, until they struck the ice
below the mouth of Harrison river. They
then started for Langley, overland, suppos-
ing it forty-five miles distant. The dis-
tance was greater. A trail had to be made
over high mountains, through ten inches
of snow; sloughs, waist deep, were waded,
the cold being intense, and the underbrush
thick, and passed with difficulty. They had
only one day's provisions, and were three
days without provisions. Many were frost-
bitten.

A Dutchman and wife, names unknown,
were frozen to death. Completely ex-
hausted, many sat down to die. Mr. Bry-
ant, late superintendent of Lillooet trail,
gave up four miles from Langley, and ad-
vised his son to go on. He also gave out,
two miles further on, George French, a
hardy pioneer, late Lillooet trail surveyor,
formerly surveyor of Butte county, laid
down, worn out by toil. When hope was
waning fast, the whistle of the steamer En-
terprise, which had got out of the ice, was
heard, and they were saved and carried to
Langley. Rumors are circulating as to
the number of deaths.

From the summary of news from Fra-
zier river, published in the *Gazette*, we take
the following extracts:

The Enterprise left